

A

DIALOGUE
BETWEEN A
PEDLER
AND A
Popish Priest,

In a very Hot Discourse full of
Mirth, Truth, Wit, Folly and
plain Dealing.

By *JOHN TAYLOR* the Water-Poet.

TRACT I.

Reviv'd, Review'd and Reprinted.

L O N D O N,

Printed for, and Sold by, *Henry Hills* in *Black-Fryers*, near the Water-side, 1699.

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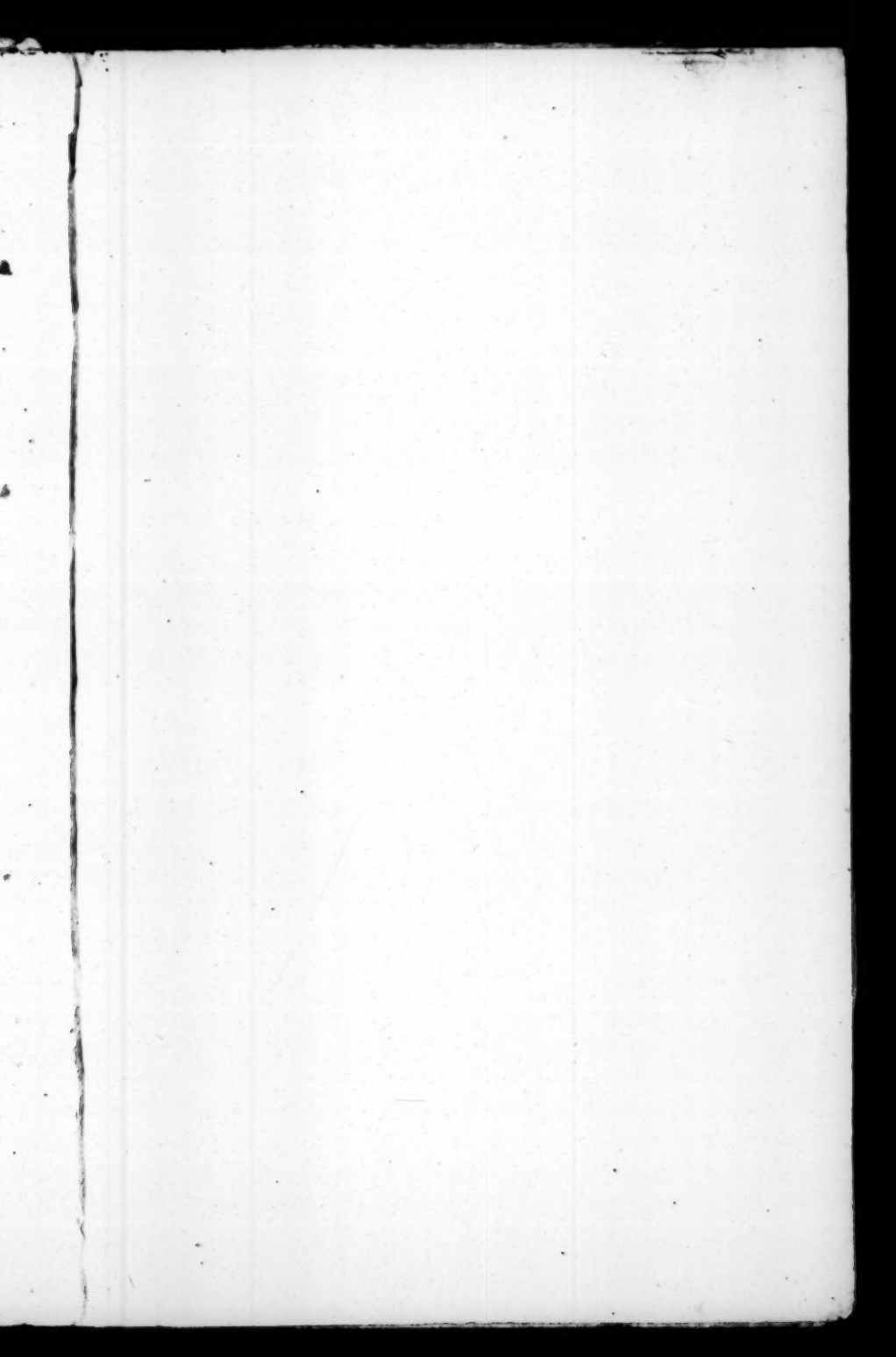
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The Author is said to have been a
Gloucestershire man, and was bred a
sailor. He was at the taking of Cadiz,
under the Earl of Essex in 1596, and at
Flores in the Island Voyage next year; he
was besides in Germany, Bohemia,
Holland &c. He was many years
Collector for the Lieutenant of the Tower,
of the Wines which were his Fee, from all
ships which brought them up the Thames.
But was at last discharged, because he
would not purchase the place, at more
than it was worth. He calls himself
the Kings Water Poet, and the Queens Water-
man, and did wear the Badge of the
loyal Arms. After the beheading of
King Charles, he kept a Publick house on
Thames. They, near Long Acre, and set
up the Mourning Proclamation for his sign,
but found it safer, to take it down again,
and hang up his own Head instead of it.
It is said he died about the year 1654.

J. Irons

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L O N D O N,
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To the Worſhipful, the Eight
Rulers, Aſſiſtants and others the
Members of the Company of Water-
men.

JOH^N TAYLOR, the Water
Poet, who was the Author of
this Tract, was long ſince a
Member of Your Company; and,
for his ſingular Loyalty to his Royal
Maſter King CHALES the Firſt,
honour'd with his Badg; and like-
wiſe made a Yeoman of the Guard.

His Converſation was honeſt and
diverting; his Brain was ſo Fruitful,
that it overflow'd with pleaſant
thoughts and Witty conceits: Who
ever Reads his Works, may eaſily
diſcover he was no *Plagiary*; bor-
row'd from none; but all his Writ-
ings

gs were purely Original; touching always on such Subjects, which none had ever attempted; Altho' he wanted the Imbellishments of Learning, yet he had so great a Stock of Natural Parts, That *Ben. Johnson*, in that Age, (the best Judg without doubt) Esteem'd and Valu'd him, as one of his Sons.

In his own Writings, we find him mention Seventy seven several Tracts, publish'd by him: Tho' in the Volume which passes for his Works, there is but Sixty three; many of them coming to my Hands which are not inserted in that Volume. I have Industriously labour'd to procure the Remainder; and chose to Publish them Singly, and Gradually, and presume to Dedicate them to You, who claim the greatest Title to them. I shall not attempt to give
En-

Encomiums; 'tis sufficient the Works
 praise the Author. By this Means,
 even the poorest may easily obtain so
 admirable a Collection; and not
 feel the want of their Mony. (For
 'tis pity any thing of his should be
 buried in Oblivion) I chose to pu-
 blish this *Dialogue first, between the*
Pedler and a Popish Priest; to shew
 his Stedfastness in the Protestant Re-
 ligion; which all his time he la-
 bour'd, both by his Exemplary Life
 and Pen, to Testify: For, when the
Civil Wars had reduc'd him to
 great Necessities, his Body full of
 Infirmities, and loaded with Years;
 yet still he continu'd with his Pen,
 to assert his Loyalty to his Prince,
 and his firm principles of Religion,
 and Zeal towards his God. If this
 may find Acceptance, and Appro-
 ba-

()
tion from Your Worships; 'Twill
give me encouragment to present
You with the Remainder and Sub-
scribe my self,

Your Worships, most

Humble Servant

Henry Hills.

'Twas

T Was *Taylor's* Custom when he Journey took,
To make a Bill, and place before his Book.
His Benefactors all subscrib'd unto it,
And *John* with willing mind did still pursue it.

Now, tho' *John Taylor's* dead, if you think fit,
That I revive those Works *John Taylor* writ,
'Tis in Your powers to make him Live again,
Approve m' attempt, 'twill recompence my pain:

I'll try my Skill to raise him from the Dead,
And Weekly Print You, what Your Poet said.
Bacchus was always thought the Poets friend,
Ben. Johnson's Rhimes did often *Sack* commend;
Nay, tho' great *Ben.* much Learning had acquir'd;
Yet he writ best, when with good Wine inspir'd;
But, *Taylor's* Genius, by Nature only taught,
Was with such rich Conceit and Fancy fraught,
That *Bacchus* now to *Neptune* must submit,
Wine makes Men Witty, but Water full of Wits
I'll say no more, all his Works plainly show it,
He well deserv'd the Name of Water-Poet.
I hope my Labours may encourag'd be,
Whilst I, like him, thus beg Your Courtesy:

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THE
PREFACE.

A Romish Priest *and* Poland Ped-
ler met,
And in a sad Discourse they both are
set.

He that will know what Talk they us'd,
he may
Read o'er the Book, and then know
what they say.

Written in manner of a Dialogue,
By JOHN TAYLOR.

A
D I A L O G U E

Between a

PEDLER and a ROMISH PRIEST.

A *Poland Pedler* went upon a day,
Unto a *Romish Priest* to learn to pray ;
The *Priest* said, *Pedler* get thee to the Cloi-
And learn the *Ave* and the *Pater Noster*. (ster

Pe. Now good Sir *John* (quoth he) what talk is that,
I hear you speak, but God in Heaven knows what.

Priest. It is that Worthy Holy Latin Letter
Doth please the Lord well, and our Lady better.

Ped. Now good Sir *John*, I know not what they be,
The Latin Tongue is Heathen Greek to me.

Priest. *Pedler*, if thou to me wilt but repair,
Within one Month I'll teach thee Latin Prayer.
And tho' thou understand not what thou sayest,
Thou shalt speak pretty Latin when thou prayest.

Pedler. To pray so Sir, is only but in saying,
In Words, not Sence, a Prating, not a Praying ;
Shall I that am a Man of perfect Age,
Talk like a witless *Parret* in a Cage ?

A 2

Priest.

Priest. A Parret can but Prattle for her part,
But towards God hath neither mind or Heart.

Ped. Then seeng I have Head and Heart to pray,
Shall not my Heart know what my Tongue doth say?
For when my Tongue talks, if my Heart miscarry,
How quickly I may marr your *Ave Mary*?
And I Sir having many things to seek,
How shou'd I speed, not knowing what I speak?

Pr. God understands all Tongues, and knows, and he
The thoughts and Secrets of the Heart doth see.

Ped. Then if I think one thing and speak another,
I wrong my self, and Christ, and his blest Mother;
For when I Pray they would my Pack repair,
Your *Ave Mary* is a fruitless Prayer.

Fri. The Latin prayers are but general Heads,
For our Reliefs in all our Wants and Needs:
The Latin serves us as a Liturgie,
As curious Arts direct Chirurgery,
And in that Language *Mass* is said and sung,
For private things pray in thy Mother Tongue

Ped. Then I must have a Tongue, Sir *John*, for either,
One for the Mother, and one for the Father. (things?)

Fr. Thinkst thou the Mother doth not know such small
Christ is her Son, man, and he tells her all things.

Ped. But where did that blest Virgin learn her Latin,
For in Her days was neither *Mass* nor *Mattin*,
Nor yet one *Priest* that Latin then could speak,
For holy Words were *Hebrew* then or *Greek*,
She never was at *Rome*, nor kiss'd *Popes* Feet,
How came She by the *Mass* fain would I weet.

Pri. *Pedler*, if you believe the *Legendary*,
The *Mass* is older far then Christ or *Mary*,

(3)

For all the *Patriarchs* both more and less,
And great *Melchisedeck* himself said *Mass*.

Pa. But good sir *Priest*, spake all these Fathers Latin?
And said they *Mass* in golden Copes or Sattin?
Could they speak Latin long e'er Latin grew?
(For without Latin no *Mass* can be true)
And you that would inforce us to this task,
Me thinks 'tis like a May-game or a Masque.

Pri. Well *Pedler* thou art too too curious,
Thy purblind Zeal fervent, but furious,
I rather would a hundred Monks direct,
Then such an Puritan of thy mad sect;
This thou must know, this cannot be deni'd,
Rome govern'd all when Christ was Crucifi'd.
Rome, Heathen then, but afterwards Converted
And grew so honest, and so holy-hearted,
That now our Emperour is turn'd t' a Pope,
Whose Holiness (as you have heard I hope,
Hath made a Law that all the World must pray
In Latin Language to the Lord each day;
He's Christ's full Vicar, and I'll boldy say,
That what he doth command we must obey;
He bids us pray in Latin, and even so
We must do, whe're we understand or no.
He hath full power to confound or save,
And who dares then but do as he will have?

Ped. This purpose to some purpose puts me back,
And hath more Points then Pins are in my Pack,
What ever power you give unto your Pope,
He cannot make a Man an *Ape*, I hope,
And if he be full Vicar to our Lord,
Shou'd not His words and Christ's keep one accord.

Priest.

Pri. Doubtless they do, and never are contrary,
In *Pater-noster*, *Creed*, or *Ave-mary*.

Ped. But Christs Disciples when they made their mo-
Unto their Master, how to make devotion, (tion,
As I have done to you (sir *John*) to day ;
I pray you in what Tongue bade he them Pray ?
Christ did not one word *Latin* to them speak,
Their talk was then all *Siriack*, *Hebrew*, *Greek*.
He bid all Nations pray after one manner,
But bid not all take *Latin* for their Banner.
Your *Latin* is but one of the Translations,
Why should it then exclude all other Nations ;
And on my Soul, sir *John*, if I do say
In mine own Mother Tongue when I doe Pray,
Lord help me, Lord forgive me all my sins,
Yea (why not) Lord supply my *Pack* and *Pins* ;
And every thing whereof I stand in need,
(For this depends upon our daily bread)
I hope in God that I shall speed as well,
As if in *Latin* I my wants did tell.

And since some Tongues have more antiquity
then *Latin*, were it not iniquity,
To force all People to Pray like the *Pope* ?
No good, sir *John*, you'l not say so I hope.

Pr. Well *Pedler*, one thing I would fain make plain ;
Return we to our *Lady* back again,
And if thou hadst as much capacity
As roving Wit, with great audacity,
The Case is clear, that Virgin *Mary* meek,
Could all and every Tongue and Language speak.
Hast thou not heard, man, how the *Holy Ghost*,
Came down like Cloven Tongues at *Pentecost*,

And

And fill'd the House where all the Twelve were ready,
 And one Tongue truly lighted on our *Lady*?
 And think not that I talk of Toys and Dreams,
 Ask but the Reverend Jesuites of *Rhemes*,
 And what they write of this but wisely Note.

Ped. In faith (sir *John*) it is not worth a Groat;
 Will I believe't think you, because they say it.

Pr. Nay but they prov't as no Man can deny it;
 Saith not the Text that when the Lord ascended,
 Unto the Twelve he earnestly commanded,
 That from *Jerusalem* they should not go,
 Until the Comforter did come, and so [Act. i.
 They all conjoyned with one joynt consent,
 And to an upper Room together went,
 Where *Mary* was and other whole Six score,
 That with the Twelve did daily God adore.

Then (says the Text) when *Pentecost* was come,
 They were together then both all and some,
 And all were filled with the Holy Ghost. (Host;

Ped. Now good sir Priest you count without your
 I see well that your *Rhemish* Jesuites Tongues,
 Hath clove the Text even to the very Lungs.
 That (ALL) for which you reckon up Six score,
 Is here meant only of the Twelve, no more;
 Nor *Mary* is not named there as than,
 What need we then believe it, holy Man.
 On with your *Spectacles* (sir *John*) and read,
 And credit this as one point of your Creed,
 The Holy Ghost did fall upon no more,
 Then he was promised unto before:
 Now he was only promist to the Twelve,
 Look on the Text, I pray, and judge your selve;

Speak

Speak Man, and be not silent, I am sorry,
 To see you ignorant of such a story ;
 For shame let not a *Pedler* with his Pack,
 Put you **with** all your Sophistry to wrack.
 For as the **Stories** in themselves are divers,
 Flowing and falling into sundry Rivers,
 In divers **Chapters** so they stand divided, *the 1. & 2.*
 So that the Case may clearly be decided ; *chap.*
 For when those **Six-score** were at first convened,
 There was another mystery then meant ;
 To wit, *Matthias* free Election,
 And so Saint *Peter* gave direction,
 That all those **Six-score** then should bear Record,
 Of their proceedings then before the Lord :
 The choosing of a Pastour was in hand,
 Which without Churches, knowledg cannot stand,
 And so *Matthias*, (by the power of Heaven)
 By lot was took as one with the Eleven.
 Then (says the Text) all these together were,
 What all these were doth very plain appear,
 To be the **Twelve** in the last Verse before,
 And not make Leap Year of eleven verse more.
 To draw all back to that Hundred and twenty,
 Indeed this way we should have Tongues in plenty,
 They differ in **Twelve verses**, the Text says,
 Besides the time is different full Ten days,
 The first upon the day the Lord ascended,
 The other when the Holy Ghost descended.
 Such glazen arguments will **bide** no Hammer,
 For they are but bad Logick and worse Grammer ;
 As for the Holy Ghost 'tis verifi'd,
 His coming down unto no Law is ti'd ;

Sometimes invisible, and sometimes seen,
 As diversly at divers times hath been,
 Few needs to see his coming with their Eyes;
 His works are Witnesses which may suffice;
 And so St. *Paul* this gift found privately,
 By *Ananias* hand assuredly.

Acts 9.

And so Sir *John*, to shew you all my Pack,
 And let you see my Breast as well as Back;
 I wonder ye consider not the end,
 Why God the Holy Ghost in Tongues did send:
 Know ye not Women are forbidden Preaching,
 Know ye not Tongues were only given for Teaching;
 Women (at home) have hardly leave to speak,
 But they take leave, and often silence break;
 Their Husbands must permit their Tongues to walk;
 And therefore, in Gods House, they may not talk:
 And then, Sir *John*, what worship do you win
 Unto our Lady, when you bring her in
 As a Companion with the whole Six score,
 Who gat the wholy Ghost and she no more;
 And where the Pope hath made her Queen of Heaven,
 You make her here like one of the Eleven:
 In this her dignity doth seem to fall,
 You thrust her to the Kitching from the Hall.
 And this is also one of your rare Themes,
 Held by your reverend Jesuits of *Rhemes*,
 That Latin came not with the Holy Ghost,
 When as the Tongues came down at *Pentecost*.
 Now if it came not then, I pray express
 How came it by that perfect Holiness,
 That in it only, and no other Tongue,
 Both *Mass* and *Mattins* must be said and Sung?

C

Your

Your last refuge will be unto the Pope,
So knit up all together in a Rope.

Pri. Wert thou at *Rome*, and half these words didst
Pedler, it were enough thy Neck to break ; (speak,
But here you live, and talk and prate secure,
And undervalue that blest Virgin pure,
Yeelding no honour, or no Adoration
To her, or to her days of Celebration.
(Go but to *Spain*, and shew thy vile condition,
Thou shalt be tortur'd in the Inquisition.)
Her Miracles of small worth you esteem,
Her merits at low value you misdeem,
Her sacred Reliques you condemn, despise,
And all her attributes you much misprize :
Thou say'st with Six score I do make her share,
Your selves with her your course Wives do compare,
Shame and Confusion doth to all belong,
Who dare the best, most blest of creatures wrong.

Pedl. Indeed (*Sir John*) you come upon me now,
With somthing which my Faith doth disallow.
I pray you to consider but a little,
You give her many a Title and a Tittle,
For which you have no Warrant in the Word,
And yet pursue us both with Fire and Sword,
As Heretiques for doing not as ye do,
Yet, what the Word bids, and no more that we do ;
Think you that any Man can be so mad,
As to hold Christ his Saviour, and so bad,
As to hold *Mary* for his Saviours Mother,
And not to love her far above all other,
Above all Creatures, she was full of Grace,
And sure in Glory she hath suprem place

And

And eminence, all other Souls transcending
 In joy and bliss, that never shall have ending.
 The Holy Ghost inspir'd her beyond measure,
 She was possess'd with Heaven and Earths whole treasure,
 And grant she could speak Latin, and all Tongues,
 Yet *Mass* or *Mattins* to her not belongs.
 Of all that mortal were she was the best,
 And her immortal Soul is now most blest.
 Her memorable Honour to preserve,
 Her days of Celebration we observe,
 The Feast of her Anuntiation,
 Her clear and pure Purification,
 The Church (in reverence) hath ordain'd these days,
 On which we should send up our Prayers and Praise,
 To our good God, whose mercy was so great,
 To leave his glorious and immortal Seat,
 And to the Blessed Virgins Womb he came,
 And took on him our filthy Sin and Shame;
 And on these days we pray that we may be,
 The Virgins followers in Humility,
 That our true meekness, and our lowliness,
 May raise us to Eternal blessedness;
 We hold it the sure way to our Salvation,
 To follow her in Holy imitation;
 Through heavenly influence her excellence,
 Must be admir'd with love and reverence,
 And those that dare compare most sawcily,
 Their Wives or Mothers with her sanctity,
 Are sawcy Knaves in Pride and Ignorance,
 Or *Atheists*, fit to lead the Hang-man's dance;
 We love her then, though we believe not in her,
 Nor (by will-worship) do we think to win her;

We hold her blessed for Christs flesh conceiving,
But far more blessed for Christs Faith receiving:
She was his Mother, so 's the Church his Wife,
Which was to him much dearer then his Life;
Now if that one could fall at odds with th' other,
He would respect his Wife before his mother;
For who so once to him a Wife doth take,
Must Father, Mother, Friends and Kin forsake.
And this is every Spouses carriage,
But most in this Spiritual Marriage:
As *Mary's* mother of Christs humane life,
She's but the Daughter of his heavenly Wife;
By which Church only, faith doth me perswade,
Of Christ blest body she's a member made;
Whereby these glorious Titles she hath won,
Made, Mother, Wife, Child, Sister to her Son.
All this *Sir John* I do but briefly say,
To let you see you play us much foul play.

Pri. Well *Pedler*, tho' that Pack about thou bear,
Th'art some Apostate *Monk* or *Fryer* I fear,
Of *Luthers* love, or *Calvins* cursed crew,
And sent abroad such business to brew,
Disguised like the Person of some *Pedler*.

Ped. No faith (*Sir John*) I am not such a medler,
Nor have I mind or means so high to mount,
A little I can Read or cast Account;
My wits are weak to utter Rime or Reason,
I know not what you call your *Kerrieleison*.
So help me God (*Sir John*) I know no better,
Nor in your Latin can I read a Letter:
For Latin is a Language admirable,
And my poor Friends and Parents were unable

To

To purchase one scrap of it, for my share,
 And sure without it I can sell my ware;
 And though I have no Latin, yet I can
 Ask what I want of either God or Man,
 In mine own mother Tongue, I know and see,
 How simple Souls by you abused be;
 And how your doctrin half our Prayers would carry,
 From Christ our Saviour to the *Virgin Mary*.
 I also do perceive how you do frame,
 Strange innovations to that heavenly Dame,
 Ascribing her that honour, which to none
 Is due, but only unto God alone :
 Of which she takes small notice, nor will she
 For it at any time your helper be.

Pri. Read but the *Legend*, *Pedler*, and there view
 Her miracles, approve her honour due,
 For which the Pope in Latin doth prefer,
 That *Mass* and *Mattins* must be said to her.
 Read, and Consider, and believe it well,
 Or else thou art at least half way in Hell.

Ped. Sure Hell is not within the Popes Commission,
 Though *Purgatory*, and the *Inquisition*,
 Are things which he himself of late created,
 Yet of small worth, by wise Men they are rated;
 I answer as I oft before have said,
 I Love, and Reverence that blest Mother Maid,
 But I believe in God, and when I pray,
 Christ help me (when my Soul or Corps do stray)
 And so what e'er I either have or want,
 I neither Pray to *be* or to *she* Saint;
 And as for Tongues, I have but one, no more,
 And wor ye well, although I had Six score,

I would conform my self to *Paul's* commanding,
 Pray with my Tongue, Pray with my understanding.
 Think you the twelve, when they receiv'd the tongues,
 Talkt, and knew not whereto their talk belongs,
 Yielding a sound, not knowing what they said,
 Idle in Preaching, Idler when they Pray'd ?
 No each of them knew well what he did say,
 And why not we (*Sir John*) as well as they ?
 For since each Man hath one Tongue at command,
 Shall Men speak Tongues they do not understand ?
 Alas good sir, had I been train'd at School,
 As I am but a silly simple Fool,
 A hundred Questions more I might have mov'd,
 But here I cease for fear to be reprov'd,
 For these few doubts I learn'd in sundry places,
 Me thinks such Men as you should clear all Cases.

Pri. Now *Pedler*, I confess thou puts me to it ;
 But one thing I will tell thee, if thou'lt do it ;
 If to our *Prior* thou'lt with me go back,
 Perhaps he will buy all that's in thy pack,
 And teach thee better how to Pray then any,
 For such a holy Man there are not many,
 Be here to Morrow Between six and seven,
 And thou wilt find thy self half ways in Heaven.

Ped. Content *Sir John*, but there is one thing more,
 I must have your opinion in before,
 Suppose the holy *Prior* have no leasure,
 To talk of every purpose at our pleasure,
 Your Book which is the *Golden Legend* nam'd,
 (Wherein as many Lies as Lines are fram'd)
 And, on my conscience, I do think that you,
 Do know the most on't to be most untrue ;

And

And therefore tell me Sir before you go,
Whether your selves believe it, yea or no?

Pri. Yes verily we do believe it all,
And hold it holy and authentical.

Ped. Then I'll repeat a tale or two in Prose,
Which few wise Men believe as I suppose.

IN the 45, and 46, Leaf of the aforesaid Book, I have read, that in the Reign of King *William* the Conqueror, the *Danes* had a purpose to War against *England*; to prevent which, King *William* sent *Hellisew* the Abbot of *Ramsay* Embassadour into *Denmark*, who having ended his Embassy, as he return'd homeward, he was on the Sea dangerously distressed with an impetuous and terrible Tempest, so that the Master of the Ship, and all the Marriners did yeild themselves as lost Men: In which extremity they all prayed devoutly to our Lady for help, and suddenly there appeared walking on the Water a Reverend personage in the form or likeness of a Bishop, who called the Abbot *Hellisew* to him, and told him, that our Lady had heard their prayers, and that she had sent him to deliver them from the Storm, and that it was her pleasure to have the day of her Conception kept holy yearly for ever on the eight day of *December*; which the Abbot promised to do, and presently the *Angel* vanished away, the Tempest ceased, the Abbot arrived safely in *England*, and reported what he had heard, seen, and suffered; and lastly the Feast was commanded to be kept on the 8, day of *December* accordingly.

Also in the same Book and Leaf is related, that a Cousin german of a King of *Hungary*, who reigned

I know not when, whose names were I know not what,
 did marry with a Lady (I know not who) at a place I
 know not where, did, I know not why, forsake his Wife,
 I know not wherefore, to serve our Lady I know not
 how; for the story lies thus, that he was a devout and
 daily invocator to the blessed Virgin, and (being new-
 ly married) the same day of the marriage the Bride-
 groom staid alone in the Church, remembering that he
 had not that day done his accustomed Orisons, where-
 fore he sent his new Bride home, and himself staid in
 the Church to perform his devotion; where presently
 our Lady appeared to him, and taxed him with unkind-
 ness, in that he would leave her and betake himself to
 another, but if he would forsake his Wife, and follow
 her in a devout Life and Conversation, then she pro-
 mised to give him the Kingdom of Heaven, where-
 upon it is said, he presently forsook his Wife, and ever
 after was a true servant to our Lady.

What think you now (Sir *John*) is this good stuff?
 It edifies me, much like Blindman buff;
 Is't not a shame, that you these things dare do,
 To wrong poor People and our Lady to?
 You have no starting hole, nor no excuse
 To cover or to colour your abuse;
 But by your leave, I'll tell a tale or twain
 In Prose, and fall into our Verse again.

In the 88 Leaf I did read of another nameless Lady,
 that dreamed she was before the Shrine of our Lady on
Candlemas day; she then (as she dream'd) had a burning
 Candle in her Hand, which Candle she was three times
 commanded to offer to the Image of the Virgin, which
 she not doing, the Angel strove with her for it, and
 brake

brake it in the midst; at which the Lady awaked, and found half a Candle in her Hand, which she ever after kept as a holy Relique, and with the touch of it did many Miracles, and cured a great number of diseases only with the very touch of the said Candle.

There was a Thief whom they call'd a Knight, that had long time us'd to Rob upon the High-way, by which accursed Gentleman-like Trade, he was grown very Rich, and kept tall Fellows to attend him, who were as arrant Thieves as himself; amongst them there was one perform'd or served the office of his Chamberlain, that was a Devil in the shape of a Man. It fell out so they Rob'd a Holy-man, who desired he might speak with the chief or Master Thief; which being granted, the Holy-man requests that he might see all the Servants together; whereupon they were called: then said the Holy-man, here are not all, and then they missed the Chamberlain, and called him, who was no sooner come into the said Blessed-mans presence, but he cryed out, saying, I am a Devil in this humane form, who have followed this Knight a long time to destroy him for his bad Life, but I could never have any power over him to hurt him, because he did daily, with great devotion, oftentimes salute the blessed Virgin *Mary*, with *Ave Maria*. Leaf, 105.

In the 217 Leaf there is a tale of a Monk, that was a great Letcher, who by accident was Drunk and Drownd in a River which he fell into, and the Devils came busily about his Carcass to carry it to Hell; but because the said Monk had us'd constantly to pray to our Lady, she then appeared her self, and commanded the Devils to depart, and then she gave the Soul of the

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Monk

Monk into his dead Body again, and ever after he had a care to live honestly.

In the same 217 Leaf there is a Relation of a Knt. that had spent all his substance wastfully in riot, and being desperate in his wants, he would have sold his Wife to the Devil for a great sum of Mony; but the Bargain being made, and the good Gentlewoman to be delivered to the Friend, our Lady appeared to her, and laid her in a sleep, taking upon her self the shape of the sleeping Gentlewoman; which when the Knight would have delivered, the Devil began to Roar and Howl, and trembling said, that the Knight had deceived him, in bringing the Mother of God to him instead of his Wife; and with that the Devil fled away, and the Knight with repentance took his Wife again; and in conclusion our Lady gave them wealth, so that ever after they lived together lovingly.

In the 220 Leaf it is said, that as the Body of the blessed Virgin was carried towards her grave or burial, a *Jew* in despightful manner laid both his Hands on the Bier, and violently would have overthrown it, when presently his Hands sundred from his Arms, and clave fast to the Bier; at which the *Jew* roar'd, cryed out and repented, and St. *Peter* commanded him to kiss the Bier, whereby he was presently recovered, and had his Hands restor'd to his Arms again.

In the 218 Leaf it is related, that in the City of *Barrges*, Anno 226, the Christians being at *Mass* on an *Easter-day*, a *Jews* Child came amongst them at the *Mass* and received the Sacrament of the Altar: And after all the Ceremony and Service was ended, the Young *Jew* returned,
and

and his Father demanded of him where he had been ; he answered, that he had been at *Mafs* amongst the Christians ; at which the Old *Jew* was so enraged, that he took his Son and threw him into a Hot Fiery Furnace ; but our Lady suddenly appeared unto the Boy in the Furnace, and by Her power did preserve him from the fury of the Heat, so that he came forth, not having so much as the hair of his Head touched or Scorched with Burning. Whereupon the People took the Old *Jew* and cast him into the Furnace, and presently he was consumed.

Also it is said, that the House that the blessed Virgin dwelt in at *Bethlehem* was remov'd by heavenly Angels, and carried thro the Air many thousand Miles over Sea and Land, to the Country of *Dalmatia*, where it did remain for a certain time, and then it was again removed to *Lorretto* in *Italy*, where it remains to this day, being a Holy place, much visited by Pilgrims, and (by vertue of it) many Miracles are wrought daily.

And thus the Book you brag of, far excels
The Lies of *Jews*, *Turks*, *Moors*, and *Infidels* ;
And sure the Heathen hearing of these Lies,
The Christian Religion dispise ;
He that will one day guerdon good and bad,
T'whose word we must not dare abate or add,
Against those he will draw his vengful Sword,
That mingle fables with his sacred Word.

Pri. Thy blinded Zeal my very heart doth grieve,
Thou understandst not what thou shouldst believe,
Thinkst thou so many grave and learned Men,
Have liv'd and dy'd in blear-ey'd errours Den,

Dost think all Popes, all Cardinals, are *Lyers*,
 Abbots, most zealous Monks, most holy Fryers ?
 Dost think all these for many a hundred Year,
 Did not profess and know the truth sincere ?
 These Men maintain'd the Church in glorious state,
 'Till *Lutber* and curst *Calvin* 'gan to prate.

Ped. Like as a *Squirril* skips from Tree to Tree,
 Even (so Sir *John*) you from the matter flee ;
 Our talk was Latin, and our Lady first,
 And you to other Arguments out burst.
 I tell you, I that Virgin love and honour,
 Altho my prayers do not wait upon her,
 Nor do I hold her Reliques of such price,
 To raise Souls to the heavenly Paradiſe :
 You, her suppos'd apparel do adore,
 Hair-lace and Slippers (which she never wore)
 Her Comb, her Girdle, and her Gown of Silk,
 Her Apron, and the Pot that held her Milk,
 Her Cloak, her Hankerchief, her Hood, her Hair,
 To these you mumble many a Latin prayer ;
 And therefore I defy you, and in sadness,
 I hold such holiness a kind of madness :
 And so (Sir *John*) we two will make an end,
 And each of us about his business wend ;
 Yet e'er we part I would fall to again,
 And of the Latin speak a word or twain ;
 There was but one Tongue at the birth of *Abel*.
 And many at the building up of *Babel*;
 A wicked work, which God would have confounded,
 But when Christ came, all Tongues again refounded,
 To build his Church by his Apostles teaching,
 Which was in Praying sure as well as Preaching ;

For

For Prayer is the full and true perfection
 Of Holy service (saving your correction)
 Then if our Lord to mine own Tongue be ready,
 What need I then with Latin move our Lady,
 Or if to both my Prayers must be in,
 I pray fir tell with which should I begin,
 And to pray joyntly to them both as one,
 Your Latin Prayers then are quickly gone ;
 For *Pater Noster* never will accord
 With her, nor *Ave Mary* with our Lord.
 If I have him, what need I seek another,
 Or will he nothing do without his Mother?
 And this (Sir *Priest*) was much in Question,
 Disputed long, with deep digestion,
 Whether the *Ave Mary* should be said
 To God, or to our Lady when they pray'd:
 With which, Saint *Andrews* University,
 Was puzzled with a strange diversity,
 And sat so long they cooled all their Kale,
 At last the Master Cook heard of the Tale,
 And like a mad Man ran among the Clergy,
 Crying with many a *Domine me asperge*,
 To give the *Pater Noster* to the Father,
 And *Aves* to our Lady altogether;
 And every Man may think (that wise or grave is,)
 She's more then satisf'd with *Creeds* and *Aves* ;
 At which the Clergy (fearing more confusion)
 Were all contented with the Cooks conclusion.
Pri. Pedlar, this tale is of thee Coyned new ;
Ped. Sir *John*, I'll leese my Pack if't be not true:
 Again all learned Monkes and Fryers have read,
 How Christ himself taught us of his own Head,

That

That every Soul that is with sin oppress,
 Should come to him, and he would give them rest:
 Come all to me (said he) not to another,
 Come all to me (said he) not to my Mother.
 And if I do as our good Lord commanded,
 I know our Lady will no ways withstand it.
 And so if I should say my Prayers in *Latin*,
 Unto the Lord at *Even-song* or *Mattin*,
 And never understand what I were saying,
 Think you the Lord would take it for true Praying ?
 No sure, he will not, for I truly know,
 My Tongue and Heart must both together go.
 And here upon I'll tell you what befel,
 To learned Clerks, that Latin well could spell,
 With whom by chance I lodged at an Inn,
 Whereas an old Wife on her Wheel did spin,
 And towards Evening she fell to and Pray'd,
 But neither they or I knew what she said ;
 One said she Canted, others said she Mumbled,
 And still strange language from her Lips she Fumbled,
 Round run her Wheel, and round her Tongue did run,
 She Mumbled, and she Slaver'd, and she Spun ;
 What think you now (Sir *John*) of this old Huffle.
 Where was her Heart when as she was so busie.
 At last (said one) Dame wot you what you say ?
 No, not (quoth she) but well I wot I Pray.
 You Pray (quoth he) and know not what I grant,
 Alas how can you be so ignorant ?
 The Woman, musing little at the motion,
 Said, Ignorance is Mother of Devotion.
 If Ignorance be Mother, then (said he)
 Sure Darknes must her only Daughter be.

Pray'd

Pray'd you, (quoth I) when all the time you Span?
 What matters that, quoth she, God's a good Man,
 And knows what I speak in the Latin Tongue,
 Either at *Mattins* or at *Even-song*.

Alas, good Sir, was not this Wife abus'd,
 Whose Soul and Senses all were so confus'd?
 You know these unknown Tongues can profit no Man,
 And one Tongue is enough for any Woman;
 But when we Pray in true sincerity,
 As God commands in Spirit and verity,
 The Heart sends up the Tongue as Messenger
 Unto the Lord, a pleasant Passenger.

Pri. But *Pedler*, here's a pretty little Book,
 Wherein if thou wilt spare the time to look,
 Set forth by a good Catholick Divine,
 Which out of doubt will settle thy Ingine;
 With it thy conscience will be better fram'd,
 The Gag of the new Gospel it is nam'd:
 He clearly proves by *Zachary's* example,
 When he did sacrifice within the Temple,
 And all the People pray'd and stood without,
 They knew not then what Tongue he spake no doubt;
Ergo the *Mass* may be both said and sung,
 In other Language then our Mother Tongue.

Ped. Sir *John*, I see your holy Catholick,
 Upon the Text hath put a pretty trick;
 Did *Zachary* speak in a Latin stile,
 When all the People staid without the while?
 He was a *Jew* sure, and knew *Hebrew* well,
 And spake no *Latin* for ought you can tell;
 For if the People heard not what he said,
 Could they or you know in what Tongue he Pray'd?
 Since

Since understanding cometh by the Ear,
He cannot understand that doth not hear.
Prove it, that *Zachary* spoke Latin, then
I'll say all Monks and Fryers are honest men.
Because a learned Priest may pray in Latin,
And mumble o're his *Even-song*, *Mass*, and *Muttin*,
Ergo a *Pedlar* to the Lord may Pray,
And know no fillable that he doth say ;
So when you put me to your *Pater Noster*,
I ask an Egg when I would have an Oyster.
And seeing thus our Faith doth disagree,
That neither I with you, nor you with me
Can be united with one mind and heart,
I think it best we take our leaves and part.
I'll pray that God, in grace and mercy, would
Bring all his Straying Flock into his Fold.

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